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# EXCALIBUR™

**FLASHBACK!**



**50**  
YEARS  
**A**

CAPTAIN AMERICA

1941 - 1991

THE POWERFUL CAPTAIN BRITAIN, THE SHAPE-CHANGING MEGGAN, THE INTANGIBLE SHADOWCAT, THE SWASHBUCKLING NIGHTCRAWLER, THE MYSTERIOUS PHOENIX, THE EVER-UNPREDICTABLE WIDGET AND LOCKHEED THE DRAGON FORGED IN THE FIRES OF THEIR TRAGIC PASTS. THEY HAVE Banded TOGETHER TO FIGHT A MODERN DAY CRUSADE AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL! STAN LEE PRESENTS...

## EXCALIBUR

# HEARTBREAKER

LOBDELL/ROSS/THILGROM/OLIVER/LOFET/KANANAGH/DEVALLO

EXCALIBUR  
CREATED BY  
CLAREMONT  
AND  
DAVIS

SHE HAD IT ALL PLANNED.

SOMEDAY WHEN PRINCESS DI  
DIDN'T WANT TO BE PRINCESS  
ANYMORE, AMY WOULD BE  
THE NEW ONE.

AT SIX YEARS OLD, HER  
POLITICAL AGENDA CONSISTED  
OF MAKING BROODLOI AGAINST  
THE LAW.

OH, AND EVERYONE  
WOULD HAVE A CAT.

THAT WAS THREE DAYS AGO.

LIFE HAS A WAY OF CHANGING  
ONE'S PRIORITIES... EVEN AT  
SIX YEARS OLD.

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-- WHILE GUNTHER GYLES HAS  
CONSESSED TO THE ABDUC-  
TION, HE HAS YET TO REVEAL  
THE WHEREABOUTS OF AMY  
KEATS.

IT IS THE  
SAME ALL  
OVER LONDON...



... A CITY OF STRANGERS  
MOURNS THE PLIGHT OF  
A MISSING CHILD.

HAVE THEY FOUND HIM?  
SHHHH!

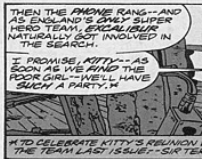
WE WERE ALL GOING  
TO JUMP OUT OF THE  
CLOSET AND SHOUT  
"WELCOME HOME!"

WE HAD BOUGHT  
A CAKE AND  
EVERYTHING.

THAT WAS THE  
PLAN, ANYWAY.

GYLES' HISTORY OF MENTAL  
ILLNESS WAS... "COMPLICATED"  
SCOTLAND YARD'S EFFORTS  
TO LOCATE THE GIRL.

BUT WE HAVE HUNDREDS  
OF VOLUNTEERS SCOURING  
GREATER LONDON EVEN AS  
WE SPEAK.



THEN THE PHONE RANG-- AND  
AS ENGLAND'S ONLY SUPER  
HERO TEAM, EXCALIBUR  
NATURALLY GOT INVOLVED IN  
THE SEARCH.

I PROMISE, KITTY-- AS  
SOON AS WE FIND THE  
POOR GIRL-- WE'LL HAVE  
SUCH A PARTY. H

H TO CELEBRATE KITTY'S REUNION WITH  
THE TEAM LAST ISSUE-- SIR TERRY



NO NEED TO  
APOLOGIZE,  
KURT...



... JUST  
PROMISE ME  
WE CAN INVITE  
AMY?

WE'LL DO  
OUR  
BEST,  
KATZCHEN.

WHILE SHADOWCAT AND NIGHTCRAWLER  
CONTINUE THEIR SEARCH OF  
ABANDONED BUILDINGS IN THE AREA AMY  
WAS LAST SEEN...



... ENGLAND'S OWN CAPTAIN  
BRITAIN AND MEGGAN  
SCAN THE CITY'S ROOFTOPS.

BRIAN? YOU  
HAVEN'T SPOKEN  
A WORD IN HALF  
AN HOUR.

ARE YOU STILL ANGRY  
THAT INSPECTOR  
THOMAS DIDN'T LET  
YOU "QUESTION" THE  
SUSPECT?

OR ARE YOU  
UPSET THAT I  
VOLUNTEERED US  
FOR THIS AERIAL  
SEARCH?

WE'RE ALL  
WORRIED. WHY  
WOULDN'T YOU TALK  
TO ME?



ISN'T THIS A PRETTY PICTURE?!  
"LOVE IN THE PRECINCT"  
HOUSE!" ARE YOU HERE TO HELP,  
SUMMERS, OR TO SEDUCE MY  
MEN?!

FINE,  
THANKS, AND  
YOU?

SAVE YOUR  
SMARTY-  
MOUTHED  
COMEBACKS FOR  
YOUR TIGHT-  
PANTED SUPER-  
VILLAINS!

I NEED YOU TO DO THAT COSMIC BIRD  
THING AND GET THROUGH THE MIND  
OF THE SUSPECT IN --

MINDA,  
SILVER.

IF YOU THINK  
I'M GOING TO  
TRY OPEN  
SOMEONE'S  
MIND AND TO  
GLAZES WITH  
HIS CIVIL  
RIGHTS --

JUST WHAT I NEED...  
A POLITICALLY  
CORRECT SUPER  
HERO!

LET ME  
REPHRASE  
THAT.

INCREDIBLE! SHE GES-  
TURED, AND THE RAIN  
WATER IS BEING "PULLED"  
RIGHT OFF HIM!

I CAME DOWN TO THE  
STATION OUT OF RESPECT  
FOR BRAN, IN HIS OWN  
WAY, HE THINKS HIGHLY  
OF YOU!

MEE? I THINK YOU'RE AN  
ARCHAIC, REACTIONARY PIG WITH  
A HAD-ON AGAINST HEROES.

NOW IF  
THAT'S ALL,  
I'LL BE  
GOING.

THAT'S JUST  
LIKE YOU  
SUPER  
HEROES...."

...YOU HAVE  
ALL THE  
TIME IN THE  
WORLD TO  
SAVE THE  
UNIVERSE--

--BUT YOU THINK NOTHING  
OF TURNING YOUR BACK ON  
THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

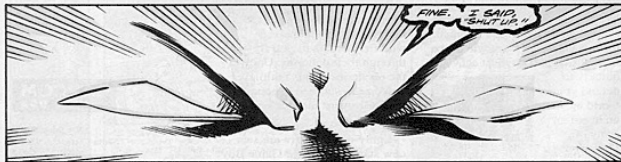


AS SOMETHING OF AN ORPHAN,  
I THOUGHT YOU'D KNOW WHAT  
IT'S LIKE TO BE ALONE AND  
AFRAID.

CHEAP  
SHOT.

I'M FULL  
OF THEM.  
I WANT TO  
HEAR  
ANOTHER,  
OR CAN  
WE GET  
STARTED?

LET'S  
JUST GO  
FIND THE  
GIRL.



I'M IN. NOW LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN SEE.

GYLES  
GETTING  
READY  
FOR A  
"DATE!"

OUTSIDE THE  
SCHOOL YARD  
ANY IN SIGHT...  
STR--  
STRUGGLE.

SOME  
KIND  
OF...

...INTERFERENCE?

TAKING HER--  
SOMEWHERE?

THINGS ARE  
GETTING VERY...  
VAGUE.

SOME THINGS... SOME  
OUTSIDE FORCE IS  
IN HERE WITH US.

SOMETHING  
THAT DOESN'T  
WANT THE  
GIRL TO BE  
FOUND.

I CAN SEE  
SHE'S...  
TRAPPED.

SOMEWHERE...  
DARK.

I'M GOING IN  
DEEPER...





I'M AT THE CENTER OF HIS MIND--THE CORE OF HIS MEMORY.

I SEE ANY-  
SOMEBODY  
IN AN OPEN  
LAND...

...THE MOORS?  
AN ABANDONED  
BUILDING IN THE  
DISTANCE...

WHELP  
ME...



ANY?



IT'S  
OKAY.



YOU'RE  
SAFE  
NOW.



EVERY-  
THING'S  
GOING  
TO BE...



?



SURPRISE!



WHA--? WHO ARE  
YOU AND WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING INSIDE  
CYLES' MIND?



I COULDN'T ASK  
YOU THE SAME  
QUESTION!



TELL ME WHAT  
YOU'VE DONE WITH  
ANY! WHERE DID  
CYLES LEAVE  
HERE



BEFORE I DETONATE  
IT, THERE'S SOMETHING  
YOU SHOULD KNOW.

YOU'RE NOT GOING  
TO FIND THE GIRL  
IN TIME.

AND THERE'S  
NOTHING YOU CAN  
DO ABOUT IT!

IT IS AN EXPLOSION WITHOUT SOUND.

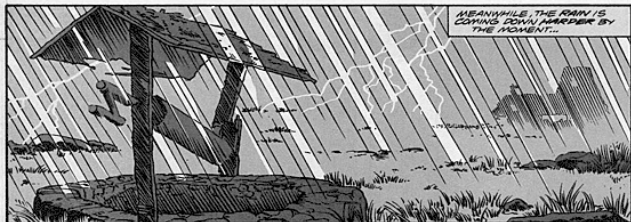


DID YOU GET ANYTHING, ANYTHING AT ALL?

BARELY. SOMETHING HAS TAKEN OVER HIS MIND. I PICKED UP SOME OTHER DIMENSIONAL PSYCHIC RESIDUE.

I WAS THINKING ALONG THE LINES OF A CLUB.





MEANWHILE, THE RAIN IS  
COMING DOWN HARDER BY  
THE MOMENT...

...AND AN ABANDONED WELL  
IS FILLING RAPIDLY.



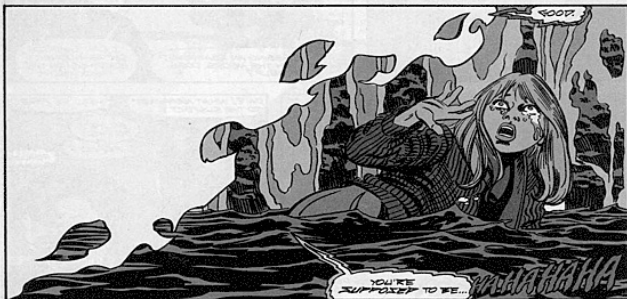
HELLO, LITTLE AMY.

WHA--?

ARE YOU  
FRIGHTENED?



Y-YES.

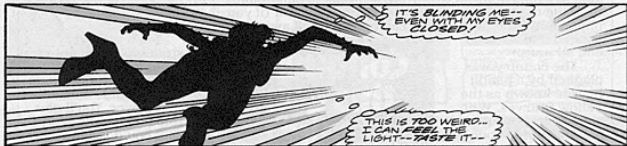


SOO?

YOU'RE  
SUPPOSED TO BE...

WHAHAHAHA







AS POWERLESS  
AS I WAS THE  
FIRST TIME!

THIS IS THE ALTERNATE  
FUTURE I CAME FROM,  
WHERE MUTANTS WERE  
TRACKED DOWN AND  
KILLED BY THE  
UNITED STATES  
GOVERNMENT.

I REMEMBER  
THIS PLACE--  
UNION  
GERMANY, THE  
NIGHT I  
TRACKED...  
PLEASE, NO...

WAS INTRODUCED IN  
X-MEN #141-142...TK



NO! CRAWLER!

THAT IS A  
NAME I  
HAVEN'T  
HEARD IN  
YEARS,  
CHILD.

I AM NOW  
CALLED  
FATHER  
WAGNER.



WHEN HE SURVIVED THE  
MASSACRE AT THE  
MANSION, KURT FLED TO  
EUROPE AND JOINED  
THE PRIESTHOOD.

AS A  
MUTANT  
RIGHTS  
ACTIVIST,  
YOU'RE A  
CONSTANT  
IRRITANT TO  
THE MHR-  
ARCH.

YOUR TYRANNICAL GOVERN-  
MENT HAS NO AUTHORITY  
HERE. CHILD, GERMANY  
STANDS AS THE MAIN-  
GUARD FOR MUTANT  
FREEDOM.



GREAT. JUST WHAT  
I NEED... A GODDESS  
HAWNA--BE GONE  
ROUND THE BEND!

MY MASTER  
BELIEVES  
THAT AS THE  
BELOVED  
FATHER  
WAGNER  
FALLS--

SHE'S PLAYING  
OUT SOME  
FANTASY IN  
HER MIND... AND  
SHE DOESN'T  
LOOK HAPPY!



--SO WILL THE  
PITIFUL  
EUROPEAN  
MUTANT  
COLLECTIVE!

FORGIVE HER, FATHER--  
SHE KNOWS NOT WHAT  
SHE DOES.



NO! PLEASE,  
FUZZY! DON'T  
BE DEAD. I  
COULDN'T  
HAVE KILLED  
YOU!

WAGNER IS  
GOING TO BE  
ANGRY IF HE  
IS DEAD.

I KNOW WHAT  
HAPPENS NEXT,  
BUT I CAN'T  
HELP MYSELF!



THE  
STENCH  
OF BRIM-  
STONE!  
HE MUST  
HAVE  
TELE-  
PORTED--



BEHIND  
YOU.

WHILE I ABHOR  
VIOLENCE, IT WAS  
NECESSARY TO  
ALLOW PAST  
TIME TO AWAY  
WITH THE  
ORPHANED  
MUTANTS.

ANY  
SACRIFICE  
IS WORTH  
KNOWING  
THEY'RE SAFE  
FROM YOUR  
MASTER'S  
WRATH.

BUT YOU'RE NOT,  
FUZZY! AND I HAVE  
TO LIVE THE REST  
OF MY LIFE KNOWING  
I WAS--WILL BE--  
RESPONSIBLE FOR  
YOUR DEATH.



IT IS A  
SMALL  
VICTORY,  
"FATHER."

LET HIM GO,  
RACHEL!  
LET HIM GO!



GOOD  
WORK, MY  
SWEET.



WAGNER,  
IT HAS BEEN  
A LONG  
TIME.

DO WHAT YOU MUST TO MY BODY, AHAB. MY  
FAITH IN GOD ASSURES ME THAT YOU AND  
YOUR PRECIOUS HIERARCHY WILL ONE DAY FALL!



I'LL BE SURE  
TO DELIVER YOUR  
SENTIMENTS...

... AT THE SAME  
TIME I DELIVER  
YOUR LIFELESS  
HUSK!



NO! NO! NOT AGAIN!  
I CAN'T LIVE THROUGH  
THIS AGAIN!

I'M SORRY,  
FUZZY...



... SO  
SORRY.

UH...  
SUMMERS?  
EARTH TO  
SUMMERS.

WHATEVER IT IS  
HAS MISSED, BUT  
SHE LOOKS SO...  
DEFEATED.

"DEFEATED?"  
WHAT A SPLENDIDLY  
HUMAN CONCEPT!



I GUESS I OWE  
SUMMERS AN  
APOLOGY. TURNS OUT  
IT WAS THE BOGEY  
MAN ALL ALONG!

ON THE CONTRARY--THE  
BOGEY MAN IS A CREATURE  
OF FANTASY. I'LL KEEP IN  
THE ILLUSION. I'LL KEEP IN  
YOUNG RACHEL'S MIND.  
I AM QUITE REAL!

I AM...

**DESPAYRE!**

AND I'M HOPE  
AND SHE'S CROSSIN'.  
WHERE'S THE  
GIRL?!

I WOULD CONCENTRATE  
ON DEFEATING ME IF I  
WERE YOU--

--EVEN IF IT IS  
IMPOSSIBLE!

YOU SEE, I ENGINEERED  
THE YOUNG GIRL'S DILEMMA  
SO THAT I COULD SUMMON  
OUT THE DESPAIR AND  
HOPELESSNESS OF THE  
MASS.



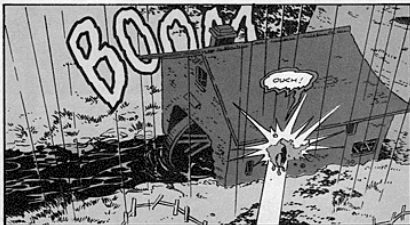
THEN WHO  
SHOULD DROP  
INTO MY LAP BUT  
THE PRINCESS?

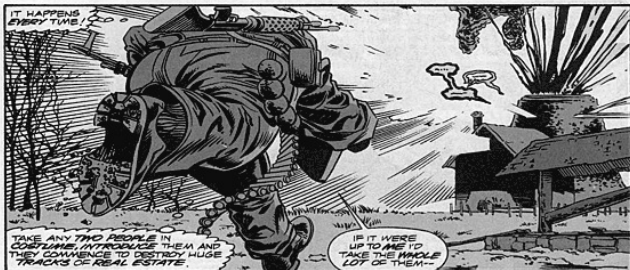
ALL I HAD TO  
DO WAS TRIG-  
GER MEMORIES  
OF RACHEL'S  
SORDID PAST...

...AND I HAVE ENOUGH  
COSMIC ANGST ON HAND  
TO EXPAND MY REIGN  
OF TERROR OVER YET  
ANOTHER DIMENSION!











HE'S GETTING...  
STRONGER?

MUCH STRONGER! YOU  
SEE--THE MORE I BEAT  
YOU--THE MORE DE-  
PRESSED YOU BECOME--THE  
MORE I--

I GET  
THE  
POINT.



IN THE PAST I  
CREATED ONLY  
ILLUSIONS AND  
THRIVED ON  
THE DESPAIR OF  
INDIVIDUALS!

THIS TIME  
I MANUFAK-  
TURED AN  
EVENT THAT  
CAPTURED  
--AND TOR-  
TURED--  
THE HEART  
OF A CITY!



WITH THE  
DEATH OF  
THE GIRL,  
ALL OF  
LONDON  
WILL GRIEVE!

AND  
I WILL  
FEAST!



SOON I WILL BE AS  
POWERFUL IN THIS  
DIMENSION AS I AM  
IN MY OWN!

SPLOSH

HE'S NOT  
EXAGGERATING. I CAN  
ALMOST BELIEVE I'M  
GOING TO DIE TONIGHT.

BELIEVE  
IT!



NEARBY...



SPINNING!

SCREE!

SHE'S STILL  
ALIVE! I THOUGHT  
I'D LOST HER!

## STAN'S SOAPBOX

Hi, Heroes! Even though Christmas is behind us, big-hearted Marvel still has plenty of goodies in store for you! And here's where your old faithful Soapbox Santa clues you in to two new titles going on sale right now!

You've seen the ads! You've heard the name uttered in whispers! But now it's time to meet the newest, most excitingly exciting superstar in the mighty Marvel firmament—the only super hero based on a real-life, flesh-and-blood human being—dazzling, dangerous, deadly—a smoldering, sizzling stick of human dynamite—the one and only NIGHT CAT!

Of course, the cat's manager, Dapper Don Kessler, and I have a somewhat selfish motive for pushing Night Cat's first issue since sneaky artist Denys Cowan actually drew us in as part of the story. Yours truly wrote the script, too, which could possibly change the complexion of the comic book industry for all time to

come! But don't let that discourage you—you can always just look at the pictures!

But hey, that's only half the excitement! Our whole blushin' Bullpen is turned on to



Troma Films' wild and wacky world-famous movie idol, TOXIC AVENGER, the super hero who makes Spider-Man seem like a well-adjusted average guy! In fact, we did it so much that we made a deal with Lovable Lloyd Kaufman and the Magnanimous Michael Herz, The big-time movie producers who so unselfishly unleashed of Toxie on a defenseless public, a deal to publish his sensationally screwy adventures in our maniacal style!

Be forewarned! Toxie is not your usual hero, he's not your usual anything. But this you can count on—NIGHT CAT and THE TOXIC AVENGER may turn out to be the most unexpected hits of '91, and, thanks to my legendary generosity, you're the first to hear of them!

Now, till next issue, wherever you go, whatever you do, think Marvel! (Instead of cluttering your mind with non-essentials!) Excelsior!

stan

**I**t was a rainy day in New York. The kind of day when you could get wet just by walking outside. The man on the corner was selling umbrellas for five dollars each. I could usually talk him down to three. When I got home, I would throw it on the pile with the 300 other umbrellas I've managed to leave at home every time it rains. It seems to rain a lot in New York. Perhaps it's God's way of trying to give the city an acid bath. Perhaps not. That's not for me to say. Me, I'm just another private eye. They call me Dodge Deadline. . . Comic Book Detective.

It was a slow day at the office: I was just about to seriously consider calling up that guy on TV who makes the pitch for Apex Technical School. Then he walked in — Tom DeFalco, head honcho over at Marvel Comics. He had a problem, and he needed my help. Last month's Bullpen Bulletins Page had disappeared before it had ever seen print. He wanted me to find it. I took the case. Tom took the six-pack.

I headed uptown to the offices of Marvel Comics. If I was going to learn anything about the missing Bullpen Page, this was the place to do it. My first stop was the office of PUNISHER editor Don Daley.

Don told me he was exhausted — he was still resting up from the New York Runners Club's Midnight Run. That's a run that's held every year, beginning at exactly twelve midnight on New Year's Day. Don also entered the New York Marathon last year for the first time. It seemed like he'd been doing a lot of running lately. Just what exactly was he running from, anyway? I listed Don as a suspect, and moved on.

I stopped by Ralph Macchio's office, and found Ralph's assistant, Mike Heisler, still missing after a mysterious three-month absence. Heisler allegedly is taking some time off to do some freelance lettering; something about owing a debt to his uncle. Funny, I didn't know Heisler's uncle was named "Sam". Another potential suspect.

I stopped in to see Jim Salicrup, but he was so deliciously happy, he couldn't even

talk to me. Dodge Deadline. It seemed one of Jim's freelancers, Fred Hembeck, recently had a baby with his lovely wife Lynn. The child was born on August 25th, and named Julie Elizabeth Moss Hembeck. That's a lot of names for a little kid. In his present state, there was no talking to Salicrup, so I made a mental note to track him down later.

I noticed my mental pen was getting low on mental ink, so I made another mental note to stop by a mental store later and pick up some more.

I headed over to see Craig Anderson, Marvel's resident vidiot. Craig gave me the lowdown on the new Silver Surfer home video game from Nintendo, and the Spider-Man home game from Sega-Genesis. Craig added that the Spider-Man hand-held game from Gameboy is also a big, big hit. Craig talked about a potential Spider-Man arcade game, but he seemed to be dodging the real issue. Did Craig know something about the missing Bullpen Page—something he wasn't telling me, Dodge Deadline?

Craig threw me a few names—Jim Starlin, George Perez. I caught them. He said they were working on a project which just might blow the lid off this whole case. But Starlin and Perez were nowhere to be found. Apparently they'd gone into hiding to work on this hush-hush project. All I found about this mystery project was that it involved a dangerous customer by the name of Thanos. . . as well as almost everybody in the Marvel Universe. Clearly I was on to something big. . . but that wasn't the case I was working on. I'd have to come back to that some other day; I still hadn't found that Bullpen Page.

Assistant Editor Chris Cooper walked by me, Dodge Deadline, in the hall. I overheard him tell fellow assistant, Len Kaminsky he's never been mentioned in the Bullpen Page before. Len said that made two of them. Hmm—that gives them both motives, but very flimsy ones.

I started snooping around Bob Budiansky's office. But Bob wasn't talking. Neither was his assistant, Tom Brevoort.

All I could get out of them was that they're doing a newsstand reprint of the four-issue DEATHLOCK Limited Series, and working on the 1991 Marvel trading cards.

That was all well and good, but it didn't solve my case. I said a visit to Epic Editor Marcus McLaurin, who was happy as a clam about the fourth anniversary of the Comic Illustrators Guild at the Pratt School of Art and Design. It seems Marcus smemed the club which in his senior year at the school he gave the way for future generations of artists to get away with drawing comics in class.

He's one sharp cucumber, that Marcus, but no Bullpen Page-napper. Next I noticed his assistant, Mario Javins. Mario's wall is decorated with drawings of cows by some of the biggest names in comics. But Marie threatened to take down her Wall of Bountiful Bovines if she received no new submissions soon. Would Marie's wall come tumbling down? Unfortunately, I couldn't stick around to find out.

I could've pumped people at Marvel for answers all day, but I was cruising in the fast lane to nowhere. Everyone was a potential suspect. I decided I would switch tactics.

I charmed my way into Marvel's master computer file. If there was any trace left of the Bullpen Page, I knew I would find it here. I punched up the file, and there it was—the December Bullpen Page. It was just full of all kinds of incriminating evidence about the Marvel staff. If this thing ever saw print, it would destroy several careers, a couple marriages, and the noon trade at Slappy Sam's Eat 'n' Run. No wonder someone tried to suppress it. This thing was hotter than a jalapeno pepper in a sauna.

I decided to take the disc to DeFalco. If anyone knew I had this disc, I could start etching my own epitaph. Just then, I felt the cold steel of the barrel of a .45 press against the back of my neck. . .

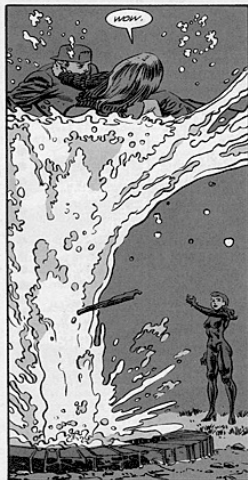
IS THIS THE END OF DODGE DEADLINE?  
YOU WISH.











HOW?



LADY, LADY--YOU GOTTA HELP THIS MAN! HE SAVED ME!

ARE YOU ALIVE, MISTER?

AMAZING. AFTER EVERYTHING SHE'S BEEN THROUGH, HER ONLY CONCERN IS FOR SOMEONE ELSE!

LET'S GET YOU PRIED OFF--

--THEN WE'LL GIVE HIM A LITTLE PSYCHIC PUN AND SEE WHAT'S WHAT.



MISTER?! YOU'RE SHAKING! HOW DO YOU FEEL?

FINE, THANKS AND YOU?

YOU'RE STEALING MY BEST LINE?



I SUPPOSE I SHOULD SAY, "THANK YOU."

TOO BAD D'SPAYRE DIDN'T THRIVE ON GRATITUDE--

-- HE WOULDN'T HAVE LASTED FIVE SECONDS AGAINST YOU.



LISTEN HERE, MISSY! DON'T THINK I NEEDED YOU TO--

MISTER? ARE YOU REALLY MAD?

NO, SWEETHEART. I'M REALLY HAPPY.

NOW LET'S GET YOU HOME.

YOU BIG SORFY. IF I WERE TWENTY YEARS OLDER...

YOU WOULDN'T BE DRESSED LIKE THAT!

MILLER · VARLEY



DEAD OR ALIVE, SHE'S BACK

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